Vol. III. Numb. 34.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by ſome of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the First and Second VOLUME, with the Aſſiſtance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From **Monday** June 12th. to **Wedneſday** June 14th. 1710.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. PRAY, *Explain that part of the* 2d. Ver. *of the* 1ſt. Chap. *of* Geneſis, *which ſeems to imply the being of Waters called the Deep before the Heaven and the Earth were Created.*

A. How the Queriſt can make this to be imply'd, we cannot diſcover, if he underſtands the Word *Creation* right, which is only the making of the Materials of Heaven and Earth, and not the Formation of them into their Preſent Order. Indeed before the *Formation* of the World, we grant the Being of Waters, whether the Word here may be taken to expreſs the Fluid State of the Chaos, or the Element of Water itſelf, which according to the Laws of Specific Gravity wou'd poſſeſs the uppermoſt Place, and cover the other Materials, as it did at the Deluge. But the Being of Waters before the Creation of Matter we cannot believe any one can conceive to be here imply'd.

Q. Gentlemen, *Pray, What Grounds had* Moſes *to ſuppoſe that God wou'd deliver the Children of* Iſrael *by his Hands (as 'tis affirm'd he did* Acts, 7. 25.) *Since at the time of ſuch Suppoſition his Reaſon was not aſſiſted by Revelation?*

Yours, W. F.

A. Joſephus in his Book againſt *Aopion* ſays, *that God appeared to* Amram *the Father of* Moſes, *as he was Praying to him for the Afflicted* Jews, *and told him, thy Son, now in thy Wife's Womb, ſhall eſcape the Hands of the* Egyptians *and ſhall deliver the* Hebrews *from them; and that to confirm this Viſion his Wife brought him forth without any Pain.* We are therefore of Opinion that it is with Regard to this Srory which was well known amongſt the *Jews* that St. *Stephen* ſays, *Moſes* had a Fore-knowledge that he ſhould be the Deliverer of *Iſrael.*

Q. Ingenious Gentlemen, *Having Read ſomewhat of* Theology, *I Received this Notion, that Faith was the Inſtrumental Cauſe of our Juſtification; but Reading the other Day Biſhop* Tillotſon's 12th. *Volume,* Sermon *the* 8th. Page 237. *That Faith cannot in tolerable Propriety of Language be ſaid to be the Inſtrument of our Pardon. Finding, I ſay, ſuch a Great Man of the contrary Opinion, makes me apply my ſelf to you for your Orthodox Judgment, who am an Admirer of your Papers.*

Yours, J——. L——.

A. To call Faith the Inſtrument of Juſtification ſeems indeed no leſs to us than to this Judicious Prelate inexplicable Jargon, the peculiar *Shibboleth* of Predeſtinarian Divines. *Faith,* ſay theſe Men, *is the Inſtrumental Cauſe which takes hold of the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt.* The Reaſon is becauſe we are never in Scripture ſaid to be juſtified, διὰ τὴν πίστιν but πίστει, or διὰ τῆς πίστεως, or ἐκ πίστεως. The Reaſon is as incomprehenſible as the Aſſertion, and yet no other way of Talking is admitted with them as Orthodox; yet we doubt very much whether they underſtand their own Language: At leaſt they are juſtly Condemned for their introducing affected obſcure Forms of Speech which do not Explain but darken the Faith of Chriſt. We agree indeed with them that Faith is neither the Meritorious nor formal Cauſe of Juſtification: Not the Meritorious Cauſe, becauſe by its own Worth Remiſſion of Sins and Imputation of Righteouſneſs are not due to it: Not Formal, becauſe Juſtification is is the Act of God's mere Mercy. It is therefore an imperfect Act which God of his Goodneſs accepts for Perfect and Complete, and for the Sake of which he is willing to beſtow on Man Remiſſion of Sins and the Reward of Eternal Life.

Q. Gentlemen, *I do earneſtly beg your Anſwer to this, the hardeſt Queſtion that ever was ſtarted to you. Whether there is one Man or Woman in this great City, that will lend an Ear to the juſt Cries of the Afflicted, Oppreſs'd and Diſtreſs'd. Honour'd Sirs, I impatiently wait your Anſwer and remain,*

Your Servant, N. E.

A. Were all as Uncharitable otherwiſe as you appear in your Cenſures, we ſhould be Oblig'd to

Anſwer, there is not one, however we would not too raſhly Condemn you, ſince perhaps this Reflection of yours may be extorted by ſome Sufferings you lye under, yet if it be ſo, ſuch Uncharitable Reflections will not be a Motive to People's Compaſſion, you will not find in Hiſtory any Age or Country, that produced ſuch glorious acts of Charity as this Preſent Age has done in this Kingdom. What think you of her Majeſty's giving up the firſt Fruits to the Clergy, to her Immortal Renown, of the Fund Raiſed for Clergy-men's Widows and Orphans, and that for ever to be unparallel'd Charity, in Conſtituting Charity-Schools for ſo many Thouſand Children, not only tending to preſent Relief, but for their Conſtant Future well-being. And this at a time, when the Nation hath been ſo many Years Oppreſs'd by Wars. Beſides innumerable acts of Charity every Day manifeſted in this Great City; all which are owing to Her Majeſty's Bright Example and the Exhortations of the moſt Learned, and moſt Pious Clergy as ever any Nation was Bleſs'd with.

Q. Gentlemen, *What is the Reaſon of St.* Catharine *being always Pictured with a Wheel?*

A. It is reported of her that when *Maxentius* the Emperor Cruelly Perſecuted all ſuch as refuſed to Sacrifice to Idols, ſhe being a Chriſtian and in high Reputation for her Learning, rebuked him for his Inhumanity and Comforted thoſe Chriſtians that Suffered under it, which ſo Incenſed the Emperor that he Practis'd a great many Cruelties upon her, and afterwards cauſed a Wheel to be made with Iron Saws and Swords with which he deſigned to Torment her, but in vain; for by the Prayers of St. *Catherine*, the Wheel broke aſunder and did more Hurt the by-ſtanders than herſelf; in Memory of which Miracle (whether true or feigned it is no matter) ſhe is uſually Painted with a Wheel.

Q. Gentlemen, *It is commonly ſaid that the Materials of which* Porcellane *or* China-Diſhes *are made, lay in Preparation under Ground, a Hundred Years. I deſire to be inform'd of the Truth of this, and of the moſt Authentic Account you meet with concerning the manner of making* China, *and whether it may not be poſſible for the* Europeans *to attain this Curious Art.*

A. If the *Europeans* cou'd but be provided with the ſame Materials we make no doubt of their Capacity of attaining this Art. Even the lateſt Travellers differ in their Accounts of the making of *China*, tho' the Burying of the Materials under Ground ſo long a Time has been long ſince rejected as Fabulous. *Nieuhoff*'s Account of it appears to us the moſt full and probable, who tells us that it is made of a ſort of Earth which is brought from a certain Hill in the Province of *Nanking* in *China*: That this Earth is not moiſt like Clay or Chalk, but dry like fine Sand; that they diſſolve it in Water, for which Purpoſe they find that all ſorts of Water will not do, but find they Succeed the beſt with that of *Vieichea Fa* and the Circumjacent Places; and that having wrought this into Veſſels of all Shapes and Siezes at Pleaſure, they firſt dry them in the Sun, before they venture them in the Oven, after which they put them into the Furnace and let them Bake for Fifteen Days, and ſtand Fifteen Days after that to Cool before they take them out.

Q. Apollo, *I have long Courted* Fortune; *never any Inamorato Courted his Miſtreſs with more Fervency, when he was Dying for her, never Zealot was more Ardent in his Devotions, yet ſtill ſhe Flies from me, Spurns me, and looks on me,* as the Devil look'd over Lincoln. *When any call her Inconſtant Gipſey, I take her part, and well I may, for to my Sorrow, I find ſhe is Conſtant in her Averſion for me, yet ſtill ſhe Frowns on me and Smiles on thoſe who neglect her; now tell* Apollo's *Offſpring, is not my Caſe hard, and much to be Pity'd.*

A. Not in the leaſt, for you deſerve rather Reprehenſion than Pity, for Courting ſo Zealouſly ſuch a Blind, Senſeleſs Common Harlot, who throws her Favors on the next Comers, without making the leaſt Diſtinction of Merit, and Dotes on none but Knaves and Fools: Yet is never Conſtant even to thoſe, nor abſolutely gives any thing, but retains a Right of Recovery at Pleaſure, and when you think you have faſteſt hold of her, ſhe ſlips from between your Fingers and Vaniſhes, leaving you in a more Deplorable Condition, than ſhe found you in; not only reducing you to your former Exigences, but leaves you with the Addition of Mocks, Scorns and Contempts. When ſhe pretends greateſt Friendſhip for you ſhe brings in her Train, your moſt Fatal Enemies, Flattery, Malice and Envy. All you Learn from her, is to forget your ſelf, and when ſhe forſakes you, no Man Receives you. Addreſs *Virtue* with the ſame Fervency, as you did *Fortune*, and ſhe will Fortify your Mind againſt all the Aſſaults of the other, prove a Conſtant Miſtreſs in your greateſt Diſtreſs, relieve you under your greateſt Oppreſſions, and Crown your Services, with the moſt Glorious Rewards.

POEMS.

Q. *WHEN Sable Night her Dusky Wings had ſpread,*
And o'er the Heav'n her Gloomy Robe diſplay'd,
The Fair, Serena, Nymph of my deſire,
The Tender Partner of my ſofteſt Fire;
The ſoft'ſt, kindeſt, moſt endearing Maid,
With matchleſs Truth, Beauty and Senſe array'd.
To Bleſs her, Torreſmond *with mutual Love,*
Retiring met her in a lonely Grove:
Where Wanton Bough's cloſely Combining made,
By their Embrace, a Wreathing Silvan Braid:
Whilſt all was ſtill except the Whiſpering Breaths,
Of Gentle Winds, which ſhook the Trembling Trees:
And Philomels *Complaints, whoſe Warbling Airs,*
With grateful Sadneſs, ſooths the Lovers Cares.
With open Arms the Bleſſing I Receiv'd,
With Chaſt Embraces preſt the Lovly Maid,
Whoſe Bluſhing Face a Thouſand Charms diſplay'd.
Tranſporting Pleaſures did our Hours Imploy,
And Balmy Kiſſes much Increas'd the Joy:
With all the ſofteſt Rhetoric I ſtrove,
For to expreſs my Sacred Ardent Love;
Whilſt her bright Eyes an equal Paſſion ſhow'd,
And from her Tongue the Tender'ſt Actions flow'd;
Harmonious Bards, *who in ſweet Numbers Sing,*
The Pains and Pleaſures of this Worldly Scene:
Say, doth this State greater Enjoyment prove,
Than being Lov'd, by thoſe we Paſſionately Love.

A. No

A. No Bliſs ſo Great, Spirituous and Refin'd,
Nor none with ſo much Rapture fills the Mind;
As that the Lover's Tranſports, when the Fair,
With Bluſhes owns, *my Conqueror you are:*
All other Pleaſures ſink in this, the Joys
Of Crowns compar'd, ſeem unregarded Toys:
Fortune and *Fate* no Pow'r have to Controul,
Th' Extaric Fit which Seizes then the Soul:
But ah! conſider the Surrender'd Fort,
Give Pleaſures wondrous great, but wondrous ſhort.
Young *Strephon* promis'd in Fair *Sylvia*'s Love,
An Heav'n and an Eternal one to prove.
He Laugh'd at thoſe who Cry'd, *believe it Swain,*
This Bliſs won't always at this pitch remain;
Nature allows ſuch Joys, but for a Taſt.
Yes, yes, ſaid he, they will for ever laſt;
But when one Revolution of Sun
Was end'd, and another juſt begun;
His long Eternity alas! was o'er,
And's Heav'n of Happineſs ne'er thought on more.
A Cold Indiff'rence firſt his Heart did Seize,
And now the Nymph can ſcarcely ſpeak, to pleaſe:
There's *Damon* too whoſe Paſſion ſcarce had ſeen
Three Moons, before it ſunk into the Spleen:
His Blood which ſtarted forth to be her Price,
Is now Congeal'd all to a Cake of Ice:
And Her, whoſe Smiles Charm'd with ſuch full (Delight,
He ſcarcely now can bear within his Sight.
Not thus withall, but all too quickly find,
Thoſe *Vi'lent Tranſports* fled which Seiz'd the Mind;
And that thoſe Joys ~~more really do~~ ly,
Fixt in the Fancy than Reality.
If trueſt Happineſs you'd then explore,
Think it all leſs and that will make it more.

Q. *I am inclin'd to Travel,* Phœbus *ſay,*
How ſhall I at the firſt direct my way;
With beſt Improvements *that I may be Fraught,*
And all the beſt of Moral Virtues Taught.

A. Firſt Travel through your ſelf, examine where
You're moſt Defective, place ſtrick Cent'nels there,
To ev'ry Paſſion fix a Curb, when theſe,
You have perform'd, then Travel where you pleaſe.

APOLLO,

Q. *I'm amaz'd at the Signs,*
As I paſs through the Town;
To ſee the odd mixture,
A Magpye *and* Crown,
The Whale *and the* Crow,
The Razor *and* Hen;
The Leg *and* Sev'n Stars,
The Bible *and* Swan:
The Ax *and the* Bottle,
The Tun *and the* Lute;
The Eagle *and* Child,
The Shovel *and* Boot:
With a Thouſand ſuch Whimſeys;
Now, Pray, what pretences,
Have Tradeſmen to ſuch,
Except out of their Senſes.

A. Thoſe mixtures are all
A Propos to their Lives,
And to all thoſe Rules,
By which the *Cit* thrives.
They'll Pray, and Deceive you,
And Bite you and Smile,
Look with Honeſt Face,
When they Practice a Wile:
They'll make things ſeem plain,
Which are all Myſteries,
Make Conſcience of Oaths,
But never of Lies.
Their Signs and their Ways thus
Exactly agree,
In both whic you nothing,
But Patches can ſee:
Nor can you much Blame them,
On Policy's Score,
Who believe to be Honeſt,
Is the Way to be Poor.

To thoſe Ingenious Gentlemen, *the Authors of the* BRITISH APOLLO.

THUS when the Univerſal Chaos lay
All o'er Confu'd, Unactive then remain'd,
When Night Succeeded Night, no Lucid Ray
Of Chearful Light, in thoſe Dark Regions reign'd.

'Till by Almighty Pow'r the Chaos mov'd
And Latent Atoms, were with Life endow'd:
Thus they Exiſtence had by Heav'n approv'd,
And thus th' Almighty's Sovereign Pow'r was ſhow'd.

Tho' Inconſpicuous 'till Celeſtial Light,
It's Splended Beams in Beautious forms diſplay'd,
Each Being then enliven'd with Delight,
To decent Harmony was ſoon convey'd.

Thus like that Light by Providential Care,
By his Peculiar Care, oh ſure he plac'd
You, whoſe unerring Judgment in that Sphere,
Which there's with Knowledg ſo profoundly Grac'd.

The buſy Deiſt ſearches Texts Obſcure,
Which Sacred Writ in dubious Terms conceals,
But you with Arguments ſo bright, ſo pure,
Diſperſe thoſe Miſts, when he to you Appeals.

Th'

Th' Unhappy Wretch Surrounded with Deſpair
Receives ſuch Comforts from th' Advice you give;
You for each Wounded Soul ſuch Balm prepare,
When once they taſt they ſoon Revive and Live.

Nature's Miſterious Tracts at once you Trace
Not with a Tranſient, but a Laſting View,
All her Meander'd Paths ſecure you Chace
With Manly Energy the Cauſe purſue.

What Art affords, in Solid Knowledg there
You by convincing Arguments explore,
Queſtions thus ſent on purpoſe to enſnare,
Your Anſwers ſhew you've Rifl'd all its ſtore.

Bright Youths proceed and may the Trump of (Fame
To far, far diſtant Realms your Praiſes Sound,
May the Encomiums of *Apollo*'s Name
From the Earth to the Skies, from the Skies to the Earth Reſound.

☞ Any Perſon may have the *Index* to the Second Volume of the *Britiſh Apollo*, alſo whole Sets Bound or Unbound, and Single Sheets to make up Sets of the ſaid Volume, of the Men in their Walks, or of *J. Mayo*, over againſt *Water-Lane, Fleet-Street*.

SIR,

THE Advices from Bruſſels, June the 2d. are, That the Siege of Doway is conſiderably advanced, that ſince they have begun to Batter the place its thhught the Beſieged will be forced to Surrender the place in few Days; That the 5 Deputies of the States General are arrived at Ghent; That the 2 Deputies there with their Council of State and Finances are gone to them to Confer with Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough about the preſent State of Affairs, and to Raiſe Money to pay the Imperial Army under Prince Eugene's Command. The Letters from Barceſona adviſe that General Staremberg was Encamp'd near Balaguer, his Army conſiſting of 21000 Foot and 5000 Horſe, and that he was Daily to be Reinforc'd by the Troops arrived in Italy; The Letters from Paris, ſay that the King has ſent Orders to all the Country people to take up Arms in Picardy 12 Leagues beyond the River Somme, to oppoſe the Incurſions they apprehend the Allies will make after the Surrender of Doway, and has ſent Orders to Artois to Cut down all the Corn, thereby to prevent them from penetrating that way. The advices from the Hague are that the Letters from the Camp before Doway, ſay that the Beſiegers at the Leſe attack had planted 4 more peices of Cannon on the Batteries, by which they had already made a Breach in the Town Wall, that they were ready to Spring a Mine under the Traverſe in Caſe they will not quit the ſame, and that they had drawn a ſmall Line of Communication from one Battery to another to ſecure the Men going to and fro, that the next Day they were to ſtorm the Ravelins, to that they are almoſt aſſured, that they ſhall be Maſters of both theſe Works in 2 or 3 Days.

Which is all from Yours, &c.

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